

WRIGLEY'S

The children love Wrigley's—and it's good for them.

Made under conditions of absolute cleanliness and brought to them in Wrigley's sealed sanitary package.

Satisfies the craving for sweets, aids digestion, sweetens breath, allays thirst and helps keep teeth clean.

Costs little, benefits much.

THE FLAVOR LASTS



A10

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Addressee and his wife, Mrs. Watson E. Coleman, have been granted two patents for their invention of a new and improved process for the manufacture of chewing gum.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSM
Removes Dandruff—Stopples Falling Hair—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
6c, 10c, and \$1.00 at drugstores.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Paterson, N.J.

HINDERCORN'S Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all forms of pain, comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Inc., by mail or at drugstores. Hiscox Chemical Works, Paterson, N.J.



Vaseline
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

A clean counter irritant for scratches, cuts, etc. Healing and antiseptic. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG CO
(CONSOLIDATED)
State Street New York

Prayed for Cure Finds it After 10 Years
Food Would Sour and Boil
—Teeth Like Chalk

Mr. Herbert M. Gessner writes from his home in Berlin, N. H.:
I had stomach trouble over ten years; kept getting worse. I tried everything for relief but it came back worse than ever. Last fall I got awfully bad; could only eat light loaf bread and tea. In January I got so bad that I would eat sour and boil; my teeth would be like chalk. I suffered terribly. I prayed every day for something to cure me. One day I read about EATONIC and told my wife to get me a box at the drug store as I was going to work at 4 p. m. I took one-third of it and began to feel relief; when it was three-fourths gone, I felt fine and when it was used up I had no pains. Wife got me another box but I have felt the pain but twice. I used five tablets out of the new box and I have no more stomach trouble. Now I write to tell you how thankful I am that I heard of EATONIC. I feel like a new man; I eat what I like, drink plenty of water, and it never hurts me at all.

TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM ON CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1895. Guaranteed. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Harry's Freckle Ointment—Your Doctor or Dr. Harry's Freckle Ointment, Dr. Harry's, 1000 Main St., Toledo, Ohio.

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

(Copyright)

MEXICO AND MYSTERY

This is a tale of the adventures of Buck Williams, an American mine-owner in Mexico; therefore it must be stirring. The mystery is the magic of the East as practiced by a Hindu; therefore it is very mysterious indeed. Buck is a lucky fellow. He saves a curious little Hindu from a train wreck and thereupon wins his undying love. The little Hindu forthwith attaches himself to Buck, follows him into Mexico and works seeming miracles in his behalf. And Buck needs all the help he can get, for his mine is worth millions and is a rich prize for the Mexican bandits. All eyes are on Mexico these days and the stirring adventures of Buck and his little brown friend are illuminating as to conditions in the Outlaw Nation.

CHAPTER I.

—1—

The Wreck of the Limited.

Tom Davenport's curiosity overcame his discretion. He jumped from the cab of the giant Atlantic-type locomotive and ran over toward the disused freight shed beside the Lordsburg station. Five minutes before he had been an irreproachable, well-polished railroad passenger engineer; but the suspicious oft-repeated trips of a diminutive, sepi-colored man carrying milk between the station restaurant and the old shed excited him to a pitch where rules, regulations and even demerits counted for nothing.

There was something peculiarly furtive and wary about the little brown man's stealthy look around—a mysterious, unexplained air of watchfulness—as if guarding some secret, the nature of which Davenport could not imagine.

"Why should that sneaky-looking little devil be carrying milk into that shed?" Tom asked himself at the first trip.

"Why don't he drink it in the restaurant if he's so all-fired fond of it, or go back in the diner and guzzle it down until he busts—if that's his game?"

The second journey between the two points was even more mystifying to the engineer. As the door to the ramshackle structure closed behind the milk-beer Tom itched to follow him.

"I'll bet a 'dobe dollar to a centavo he ain't drinking it himself," he grunted, sliding from his seat to the roomy gangway between the boiler and the tender. "But somebody's drinking it—that's a cinch. He ain't buying milk down in this desert country to spill it around promiscuous like. But if he ain't drinking it himself, who is? And if somebody else is drinking it, why is he hiding out in that old shack?"

The stoical figure was padding back again toward the restaurant, evidently intent on procuring still more lacrimal fluid. Then it was that Tom dropped to the ground and shot over to the disused building.

"He popped his head into the open door and withdrew it with a celerity which would have made his train on a straightaway two-per-cent down-grade resemble a handcar climbing a hill propeled by a lone seep."

Some men worry because they have no work and some others worry because they have.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

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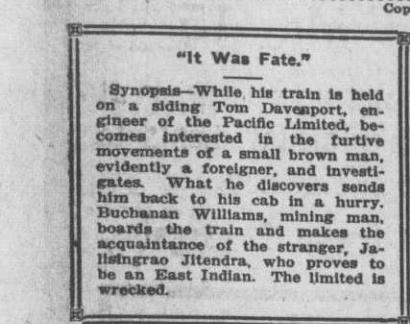
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If you need a medicine, you should

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON



"It Was Fate."

Synopsis—While his train is held on a siding Tom Davenport, engineer of the Pacific Limited, becomes interested in the furtive movements of a small brown man, evidently a foreigner, and investigates. What he discovers sends him back to his cab in a hurry. Buchanan Williams, mining man, boards the train and makes the acquaintance of the stranger, Jatinder Rao Jitendra, who proves to be an East Indian. The limited is wrecked.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Involuntarily he picked it up and read, drawn by an impulse which he could not fathom:

"Beloved:

"Until long after I had crossed the sacred water of the Ganges, with its burden of true believers progressing to their next incarnation, and lived among the people of this far-off country, I never understood the meaning of true love; but now, after your many sacrifices for me, I believe I do."

"As I have knelt before the shrine of the Blue Buddha, I have learned the meaning of such devotion as yours; come, therefore, to me and speedily. I write in English that you may see how I have improved."

"INDIRA."

Buck thrust the missive into his pocket and turned to the twisted tangle of the wrecked diner. He regretted that he had read the note through on the impulse of the moment, for the intimate affairs of a chance traveling companion were surely no business of his.

The texture resembled that of the paper which Jitendra had been reading at the beginning of their conversation. The peculiar style and idioms of the communication left little doubt that it was the same and had somehow escaped from him at the instant of the crash.

A sinister jet of flame spiraled up from the splintered fragments. The trainmen were already hewing frantically at the debris, and presently a negro crawled painfully through the orifice they made, dragging a broken leg.

Another followed, then another, his face grimed with the smoke of the fast rising fire which, in spite of desperate efforts, seemed destined to consume the demolished car.

But of Jitendra the mining man saw no sign, and he smothered an impression at the exasperating slowness of the crew, as he wrenched an ax from one of them and attacked the pile at another point.

CHAPTER II.

Rescuing a Hindu.

"Everybody's out, Buck!" protested Conductor Martin, running over to him.

"No!" shouted the fair-haired, blue-eyed giant. "There's a passenger stuck somewhere beneath this mess—the little dark chap who was sitting across the table from me in this car."

The blaze, fed from the incandescent coals of the diner's cooking range, obstinately refused to be extinguished.

The varnished fragments of the car yielded eagerly to the darting tongues of flame which ran along the ground under the debris or hissed against the pitifully inadequate water which was futilely poured on the wreckage from above, as volunteers hurried back and forth from the engine with pails.

Hewling desperately, Williams at last cleared a small opening above which the wreckage piled itself in such shape as to form a triangular orifice. Buck dropped to his knees and peered beneath. The fast increasing fire volleyed forth a great cloud of smoke through the new hole, which only appeared to create a better draft for its more rapid progress.

The American wormed himself into it, twisted, and writhed forward.

"Come back, Buck!" cried Martin, grasping his leg. "He's only a guinea, anyway—not worth the risk."

But the American obstinately jerked himself free and disappeared into the mass of steel and splinters. A little way ahead, to the right of him, he could discern a small, inert, chocolate-colored body, unconscious of the reeking smoke which already thinly enshrouded his calm face.

Buck grasped him.

The body yielded easily, as if it knew it had arched over it a protection. Very slowly he worked his way back through the dense, stifling atmosphere. A shower of sparks swept down his neck, burning him bitterly; but Buck was heedless of it.

Obstinately propping himself now on one hand and knees, and again pushing himself backward as he flattened out, he never relaxed his grip on the unconscious diminutive figure. Eager hands dragged them both from the opening.

The American emerged and the

others caught sight of the limp body he had rescued, the passengers broke into a cheer.

"Cripes!" gasped Williams, beating at his scorched neck until the smoldering around the collar of his coat was extinguished. "Somebody get me some gasoline or engine oil!"

He laved his burns eagerly, then knelt to examine the motionless body he had dragged to safety.

"Give me some water, will you?" he commanded, reaching for his hip-pocket with the words. With his own hands he washed the blood from the little man's head and bound it round with his handkerchief, after tearing it in twain and knotting the ends together.

"Only a scratch," he muttered. He forced the neck of his flask between the lips of the unconscious doll-like figure. The fire was nearly out, and the section men from Separ were already over the edge of the steep bank. A whistle was sounding faintly down the road in front.

The head brakeman came warily back to the group around the dead and injured and handed a telegram to Conductor Martin.

"Extra twenty-seven sixty-nine's engine and a wrecking crew have been sent back from Deming; that's her whistling now," explained the trainman.

Jitendra stirred.

Never before in all his life had a fiery, potent liquid like the one now trickling down his throat passed his lips. The thud of the wrecked car as it toppled at last into the ditch seemed to aid in his awakening.

He sat suddenly erect, looked stupidly around. Friendly hands helped him into the Pullman.

"Feeling better?" Buck Williams had already forgotten his own trivial injuries in the solicitude he felt for this timorous little alien peering up at him with apologetic eyes.

"Yes, Sahib," breathed the brown man. "I do not understand—"

"Oh, it's all over," cheerfully interrupted Williams. "We had a breakdown on the locomotive and came to a quick stop. The old wooden diner crumpled up—that's all. Couldn't expect anything else, hitting the hill the way we were, with a big hog like that in front and the steel Pullman behind."

"Wrecking crew's got the engine on the track again; we'll only be a few hours late into El Paso. Do you think you'd better get off at Deming and let a doctor look you over?"

Jitendra shook his head. "I am not much hurt, Sahib Buck," he gravely replied. "But how came I to escape the fire? Was I not overwhelmed by the disaster?"

"Oh, you were penned in under that old bulk of a diner until we dragged you out," laughed the mining man. "But that's done now. You'll be in Chicago, almost the same as if nothing had happened, in two days. It was lucky for both of us that we were toward the back end of the car."

"It was fate," affirmed Jitendra, with an emphatic positiveness contrasting strangely with his wee figure. "But you, Sahib Buck—were you, too, immersed in the shatterings?"

"Nix," grinned Williams. "I back-pedaled right over tables and chairs till I landed in the vestibule."

"I seemed to be looking down upon you the last I remember," mused the Oriental, fastening his eyes searchingly upon the other man's.

"I missed you," admitted Buck hesitatingly, "and grabbed an ax and chopped down to where you lay. But I am sure that you would have done as much for me. Do you remember what we were talking about when the smash came?"

Jitendra nodded.

"Yes, Sahib Buck. You were inquiring of me concerning certain powers of my people. But Vishnu willed that I should not reply. So my lips were sealed, as you saw. It may be that I shall never reveal to you, sahib, the things of which I was about to speak."

"Why not?" demanded Williams curiously. The finality in the voice of the Hindu interested and, oddly enough, disquieted him.

"Sahib Buck," patiently began Jitendra, "it is not easy for me to explain the powers which rule us in spite of our complacent self-confidence. But I saw you running for this train—which was late. Tell me if you can. Did you make it late?"

"No."

"Nor did I," affirmed the Oriental. "Nor did either you or I check its mad rush toward the places whether we are traveling. Therefore, how shall I make clear to you that what I may call fate bears rule over all?"

"It is not well that men should know

too much of such things, sahib, else they would lay the blame for their evil deeds on destiny or fate. So is it not wiser to deal warily with such matters, that, being in ignorance, men shall have the more fear of that which is hidden and kept secret?"

"Perhaps," laconically admitted Williams.

"This morning," imperceptibly went on Jitendra, "I did not know that such a man as you lived, nor did you know me. Fate wills that we meet and journey on together."

"To El Paso?" interloped the other.

"To whether the same fate shall decide that bade you drag me from the burning car. I did not ask it, for Vishnu had sealed not only my lips, but smothered my thoughts. Fate spoke, sahib, and you obeyed. And now the same fate whispers to me, bidding me turn aside from my journey and go on with you until it permits me to preserve you as you have this day preserved me."

"Oh, I say, Mr. Jitendra, I can't let you interrupt your trip to bother about me or my affairs," protested Williams. "Really, it's very thoughtful of you, but it's wholly unnecessary."

He straightened his strong, young body and leaned back in the Pullman at this typical oriental method of appreciation. One touch of nature makes the whole world akin, and Buck Williams vaguely grasped the spirit of religious gratitude that burned in the frail figure before him.

"Noblesse oblige" it enunciated as loudly as if spoken in actual words audible above the roar of the train, now racing again toward El Paso.

"Who shall say?" cryptically replied Jitendra. "Sahib, I have said that the ways of your people are not the ways of mine. But I have also said that fate or destiny bears rule over all peoples. And I may not journey far upon the Seven Paths if I try to step aside from the Karma which fate lays upon me. Only by obedience may I progress. Otherwise I am in fetters until another incarnation of sorrow and pain has set me free."

The quick grind of the brakes diverted Buck Williams from a reply. The belated limited came to a stop. A boy leaped up the steps of the Pullman bearing a telegram.

"Mr. Williams!" shouted Conductor Martin. The young man hurried to the end of the car, received the message, and the train picked up again as he tore it open to read:

CULIACAN, MEXICO, June 15, 1918.
"Buchanan Williams,
Clifton, Arizona."
FORWARD TRAIN NO. 6, EAST-BOUND.

"Manuel Pacheco and mine crew take to the hills after plundering company store. Meet me Sheldon hotel, El Paso, quick. More trouble brewing around El Tigre."

"WILLIAM SCOTT."

Four and a half hours late the limited slipped into the Union station at El Paso. Buck Williams had forgotten the wreck, Jitendra, and everything else, hitting the hill the way we were, with a big hog like that in front and the steel Pullman behind.

The Colonels have an unusually well-balanced team this year, a set of men who can be shifted around in case of emergency.

Herman Held, former umpire in the Pacific coast league, will be an umpire in the Pacific International this year.

Spitters are going to have a tough time of it, under the rule that they may not rub the ball on their uniforms.

The Colonels have an unusually well-balanced team this year, a set of men who can be shifted around in case of emergency.

Report from Little Rock has it that Scrappy Moore, secured from Atlanta, has won the third base job on Kid Elberfeld's team.

The release by Cleveland to New Orleans by Larry Gilbert gives Jamie son a chance to stick with the Indians as utility outfielder.

Johnny Lavan has branched out as a regular physician in St. Louis, but he is not ready to drag himself away from baseball.

When the New York Nationals asked waivers on Bowen, the Holy Cross college outfields, the Boston Americans held him up.

Joe Evans has been named to fill the role of pinch hitter on the Cleveland team when southpaws are pitching against the Indians.

Cleveland players are so busy talking about winning the pennant that Manager Speaker has forbidden mention of this contingency.

If anything happens to the Red Sox infield, Manager Ed Barrow thinks he can patch it up with Harry Hiller, the recruit from the Virginia league.

Andrew V. King, former University of West Virginia football and baseball player, has signed a Pittsburgh National league contract as catcher.

"What—you here?" he cried. "I told you that I didn't want you to reciprocate my small assistance this afternoon, Mr. Jitendra."

The brown man salamed low.

"What says the Ancient Wisdom, Sahib Buck? The longest way round is oft the shortest way home."

Williams threw back his head and laughed long and loud.

"Scotty, look at this!"

He jerked a derisive thumb toward the chocolate-hued, undersized atom of humanity standing humbly but firmly at his side.

"I pulled him out from under a wrecked diner this afternoon. Now he insists on trailing me until he has paid the score by doing as much for me. Do you think he'd make one bite for Manuel Pacheco and his regiment of thieves?"

"Sahib Buck," patiently began Jitendra, "it is not easy for me to explain the powers which rule us in spite of our complacent self-confidence. But I saw you running for this train—which was late. Tell me if you can. Did you make it late?"

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"Good Morning, Sahib Buck."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Only one," responded Mr. Kelley.

"And what is that?"

"Playing golf," was the answer of Mr. Kelley.

MODERN PLAYER EXCELS

A group of Yankee players were talking to Joe Kelley, the scout, in his day one of the game's greatest outfields and batters. "Tell me, Mr. Kelley," said one with real college diction, "is there any department whatever in which the modern player has it on the old-timers?"

"Only one," responded Mr. Kelley.

"And what is that?"

"Playing golf," was the answer of Mr. Kelley.

**The First
Bottle of PE-RU-NA**

**Gave
Relief
so
Writes**

Mr. M. VanBuren, Engineer, G. R. & I. Ry., 17 Highland St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Entirely Free from Catarrah of the Stomach

"Peruna has positively done for me what nothing else has done. I have been time and again compelled to take to my bed for days. The first bottle of Peruna gave relief, and while I always took it in the house for convalescence, I consider myself entirely free from catarrah of the stomach, the trouble from which I suffered so long before taking this remedy."

Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere Ask Your Dealer

BASEBALL STORIES

Ed Barrow is still endeavoring to land a second baseman for his club.

New York university has a veteran nine except for third base this season.

The Joplin club sold Infelder Joe Evers to the Peoria club of the Three I league.

As the Brooklyn infield has been playing it in 20 per cent better outfit than last year.

Every time Larry Woodall, the juvenile Tiger catcher, appears behind the bat, he looks better.

Babe Ruth says he will beat his record of 29 home runs for the season made last year this year

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

Copyright

Waiting at the Mine.

Synopsis—While his train is held on a siding Tom Davencourt, engineer of the Pacific Limited, becomes interested in the fortune movements of a small brown man, evidently a foreigner, and investigates. What he discovers sends him back to his cab in a hurry. Buchanan Williams, mining man, boards the train and makes the acquaintance of the stranger, Jitendra. Williams proves to be an East Indian. The limited is wrecked. Buck Williams, though painfully burned, saves Jitendra, who had been pinned under the wreck. The Hindu vows eternal gratitude. Williams receives a message telling him Mexican revolutionists have seized his mine, known as "El Tigre," and killed or driven off the Americans.

CHAPTER XI.

Jitendra Returns.

Four hundred and fifty miles on horseback, through a country devoid of law, bristling with ragged, semi-civilized peons lustful for loot—ignorant, ungovernable, and virulently despising "gringos"—is a journey some men would hesitate before taking even to battle for a five-million-dollar gold mine.

Buck Williams thought it all over as he puffed meditatively at an after-supper cigar in the Sheldon, while Billy Scott fidgeted on the seat beside him or nervously paced the lobby.

But the calm-eyed Hindu, squatting tailor-fashion on the farther end of the same divan, was as motionless as an idol in the great temple at Benares. Only his adoring eyes, like those of a dog whose master refuses him a caress, betrayed the ferment beneath the folds of the soft snow-white turban, which he donned shortly after his arrival.

"Scotty," blurted Williams, tossing away a half-consumed cigar; "did Friday Thornton and the rest of the boys down in Culiacan elect to vamoose or stick around a while?"

"They stuck—at least most of them did the last I heard of them," replied the superintendent. "Hank Gregory, Tommy Wickware, and a dozen more you know are still in town. They expect intervention by the United States."

"The only intervention so far seems to be on this side of the line," grimly retorted the magnate. "What I'm figuring on is this: We can get across all right—a hundred thousand soldiers couldn't guard the boundary between here and Agua Prieta alone—to say nothing of reaching as far as the Colorado river. Once in, we ought to be able to double back east until we strike San Pedro, then skirt the west branch of the railroad as far as Sanchez, and from there across country to Culiacan."

"However, even if we can do that, what then? If Manuel Pacheco and his friends are after El Tigre mine two of us can't stop them. But it's up to me to stop them if I expect to hold what I've sweat blood to get for the past five years. How do you feel about trying?"

"I think you're plumb crazy to think about it," frankly replied Scott. "It was bad enough in Madero's insurrection. With him gone and Huerta in power, what chance has a man got, Buck? Orozco, Carranza, and a dozen other self-made generals are roaming around Chihuahua, murdering, robbing, burning railroads and raising hell generally. Now Moreno's bedeviling Sinaloa. Every one down country is trying to get out. Believe me, I wouldn't try to get back the same way I came out for a half-interest in El Tigre itself."

"All right," tersely retorted Williams. "You take the train back to Benson, drop down to Nogales and see if you can get through to Culiacan by way of Guaymas along the west coast. Trains are still running through to Mazatlan on that division. I'll hit it down the other way. That gives us two chances. If you reach Culiacan before I do, get the boys together and start for El Tigre with every gun and cartridge you can buy, beg or borrow. If I get there first I'll leave instructions in case I want you to follow me to the mine. If you can't get through, shoot back to Nogales and wait until you hear from me."

Deaf to entreaty, expostulation, or argument, Buck Williams slipped out of the hotel before midnight and rode to the northwest. His long detour carried him far beyond the regulars, and he easily eluded the American "line-riders."

Before daybreak he was well past the monuments in the first fringe of hills south of the Arizona boundary line.

In a shallow arroyo he gathered a few dry twigs and lighted a smokeless fire to boil his coffee. His horse abd one burro, carrying the meager supplies necessary for the hazardous journey, were picketed behind a knot of water-worn boulders, while he crept

poked a turbaned head, beneath which a thin, worn, ascetic face smiled into the muzzle of the ready weapon.

"Good morning, Sahib Buck," piped the diminutive figure as it squatted weakly upon the slab of fire-bitten granite, gazing into the amazed and pitying eyes of El Tigre's owner.

Buck Williams could not at once reply.

He was fascinated by the rapt look upon Jitendra's features—an ecstatic gleam, such as a follower of Mohammed might wear when he at last beholds the shimmering minarets of Mecca shining brightly across the hot sands, signifying the end of his pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IV.

Pacheco's Death.

"How did you get here?" demanded the magnate.

"The ways of my people are not the ways of yours, sahib. Did you not give me permission to come? And who am I that I should presume to disobey you—or the gods?"

"The gods?"

"Vishnu and Siva," salaamed the Hindu. "They, too, are here. Has the sahib never read the lines of one of his own people?

"Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame."

"But it's incredible," returned the mine owner. "I rode my horse almost to death—and there were times when I had all I could do to get through."

He gazed, more and more mystified, at the gaunt figure who seemed to have forgotten fatigue or hunger at the mere sight of him. Jitendra was naked to his loins, which were girded with a cloth almost the same hue as his body.

His legs and feet were bare, and save for a thick something swathed about his neck and his snow-white turban, he was otherwise nude. It was inexplicable—and the incongruity of the poetry which the Hindu had quoted, together with his devotion, added to the American's perplexity.

Then his eyes fell upon the feet of the little brown man.

He was conscious of a swift, remorseful throb. The feet were bare-bruised, cut, swollen, bleeding—the feet of a man who has plodded across the flinty surface of the open country, who has unhesitatingly kept on through chaparral, woods, streams—the feet of a man unused to unremitting pursuit.

Buck Williams gulped—there was a lump in his throat.

"That's the way you can be of some real service to me—just vanish—down into the ground or up into the air—any way that suits you. Come out at El Tigre mine if you want to—I won't kick if I find you there—but if I catch sight of you again in the meantime I'll shoot you myself, so help me Bob!" Jitendra regarded him solemnly.

"As Sahib Buck wills, so be it," he quietly replied.

Without another word Williams whirled on his heel and hurried back to his coffee pot. An hour afterward he stopped his horse at the fringe of the timber-line of the Chirachaua range and swept the arid hills beneath with his binoculars.

There was no sign of the Hindu nor of any other living human being. With a grunt of relief he spurred up the trail.

Nine days later, utterly weary, astride a horse whose painful amble and emaciated ribs signified an exhaustion proportionate to that of his rider, Buchanan Williams drew rein in the thick group of pines overlooking El Tigre camp, where it clung to the side of a precipitous ravine in the majestic mountains of the coast range.

There was nothing to be gained by discussion, Williams decided. Yet he could not imagine in what manner the Oriental had anticipated his own arrival.

"But I did not see you once."

"I remembered the sahib's threat of punishment," meekly returned Jitendra.

"But why—of course it's absurd even to think of it—but why in the devil didn't you work the occult stuff, Jitendra—that is, if you could? I'm sorry to have caused you all this trouble and worry. If you could send your astral body on ahead and then follow it—well, I wouldn't have cared. Why didn't you do that?"

"Sahib, it is not permitted to invoke the powers of the gods when our own efforts will avail. Only when no other means are at hand for deliverance may I call upon Vishnu and Siva."

There was nothing to be gained by discussion, Williams decided. Yet he could not imagine in what manner the Oriental had anticipated his own arrival.

"You were ahead of me?" he asked.

Jitendra bowed.

"How did you know this was El Tigre? There are many other mines around these hills."

The Hindu silently stretched his hand, pointing to the huge sign on the company store above them. The mine owner laughed.

"It was a foolish question, wasn't it? I guess I'm almost too tired to think straight. Well, we'd better be getting up to camp," continued Williams.

He dismounted stiffly from the horse, and the other dropped lightly to the road, meekly following in the rear.

"I'm a man of my word, Jitendra; and while I can't promise that you'll ever live long enough to resume your journey at El Paso, I'll be glad of your company until Scotty and the other boys arrive from Culiacan. If you get in bad, remember, I gave you the straight dope on this proposition, and don't blame me."

A careful search of the premises disclosed no pseudo-insurgents in ambush.

Williams, much relieved, permitted Jitendra to aid in carrying a supply of canned food to his own house, a stout adobe building somewhat higher than the others, with its back against the hill. His horse was picketed alongside, where the thick grass carpeted the slope, and a brook beyond obviated the necessity of fetching water up the steep ascent from the bed of the creek far below.

Tris Speaker is raising an objection to the player input. He is the only playing manager in the majors and thinks that he should be exempt, thus giving the Indians one more athlete.

Last season at least three clubs in the American league drew more than 50,000 people in the home games. By way of comparison, the Atlanta club led the Southern association with 195,000 paid at home.

Sand lots in St. Paul are very fertile. They graduated a half dozen to the professional ranks this spring. They are scattered all the way from the Southern association to the Pacific Coast International league.

Captured by bandits led by the ex-forman of the mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Vanderbilts Means.

The name Vanderbilt (Van der Bilt or Bilt) means "of the hill." Cornelius Vanderbilt, therefore, means literally "Cornelius of the hill."

PERSISTENCY

That persistency has its reward has long been a truism, and a golfer who, after a poor round, thinks it's useless and might as well give up trying, may get some encouragement from the following: Charles Hutchings, British amateur champion in 1902, was over 30 years of age when he first took up the game. He was a member of the Royal Liverpool Golf club, which had monthly medal competitions scheduled. The club book contains a record of this event and at one stage of the game the entry read thus: Charles Hutchings, 114—80—84."

Buck Williams could not at once reply.

He was fascinated by the rapt look upon Jitendra's features—an ecstatic gleam, such as a follower of Mohammed might wear when he at last beholds the shimmering minarets of Mecca shining brightly across the hot sands, signifying the end of his pilgrimage.

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Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

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And sprinkle in the Foot Bath. It takes the sting out of Corns, Bunions, Blisters and Callouses and gives rest and comfort to hot, tired, smarting, swollen feet.

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Allen's Foot Ease, the powder for the feet, takes the friction from the shoe freshens the feet and makes walking a delight.

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FRECKLES

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Memorial to Norsemen.

Nearly five centuries before Columbus sailed to America, according to some historians, a party of Norsemen landed on the northeastern coast of the continent, and a few years later established a colony. As a memorial to these early explorers a rough stone tower has been erected at Auburndale, Mass., a town that is believed to occupy the same site as the legendary settlement. Investigation has failed to reveal any traces of building ruins in the vicinity, but has resulted in the finding of several old stone walls, which are thought to have been constructed by the inhabitants of the ancient village.

Held to All Superstitions.

When the first missionaries visited Marsovan, Turkey, the old Armenian church members were Christians in little more than name. Their beliefs were a mixture of superstitions with a suggestion of a Christian origin. They feared the evil eye, and wore charms to break its power. They put branches of a thorny plant over their chimneys in the form of a cross to prevent witches from coming down and strangling their little children. They visited the graves of saints and offered prayers for relief from sickness, tying a rag on a bush nearby with the hope of returning home leaving their disease tied to the holy spot.

The Building Crisis.

Knicker—The house divided against itself will fall.

Bocker—Nowadays it won't get built.

For Every Home
*A table drink that refreshes,
but leaves no after-depression—*

Instant Postum

Much used nowadays instead of coffee as a breakfast beverage because of its similarity in flavor to coffee, but with entire absence of ill effect, since Postum contains no "caffeine."

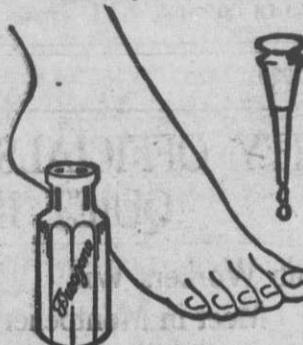
Instant Postum is made quickly in the cup, with economy as well as convenience.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

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Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezes costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freeze" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly lift off that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Handicapped.

"I tried to tell that lady about my new Paris gown, but she wanted to talk about the new books."

"Embarrassed you, eh?"
"Yes; I don't know a thing about the latest style in books."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube.

When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless this inflammation can be reduced and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

All Druggists 75c. Circulars free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Boston.

PERFECTION NOT OFTEN SEEN

Assertion Made That Not One Person in Ten Thousand Is Absolutely Sane.

Perfect health of mind and body are both exceedingly rare. Not one "civilized" person out of ten thousand is perfectly healthy. Not one civilized person out of ten thousand is perfectly sane. That is to say, absolutely level-headed in all respects, not attaching undue importance to his own hobby, and with no prejudices against new ideas, able to appreciate the other side of the question and to change his ideas when he is convinced that he is wrong.

Sanity has been defined as "the ability to accommodate oneself to one's environment." Not a bad definition. Those who decry the manners and customs of other races or people, merely because they are different from their own are not entirely sane.—Los Angeles Times.

Pleasure Missed.

"O!" said Marjorie as the dessert came on, "how I wish you had told me this morning, mamma, that you were going to have strawberries and cream for dinner!"

"Why, what difference would that have made?" inquired her mother.
"O, lots!" with a sigh. "I could have looked forward to it all day then."

Golf has the advantage of keeping one in the open air without afflicting him with chiggers.

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

(Copyright)

"The Vengeance of Vishnu."

Synopsis—While his train is held on a siding Tom Davenport, engineer of the Pacific Limited, becomes interested in the furtive movements of a small brown man, evidently foreign and mysterious. What he discovers sends him back to his cab in a hurry. Buchanan Williams, mining man, boards the train and makes the acquaintance of the stranger, Jalisringao Jitendra, who proves to be an East Indian. The Limited is wrecked. Buchanan Williams, though painfully burned, saves Jitendra, who had been pinned under the wreck. The Hindu vows eternal gratitude. Williams receives a message telling him Mexican revolutionists have seized his mine, known as "El Tigre," and killed or driven off the Americans. On his way to his mine, alone, Williams discovers that Jitendra is following him, and he orders him to turn back. The Hindu apparently acquiesces, but when Williams reaches the mine finds Jitendra there. The Hindu declares fate has bound him and Williams together, and asserts mysteriously that the gods Vishnu and Siva are with him. Williams, somewhat touched, allows him to stay.

The sergeant, Jesus Corabado, volleyed a command and the column halved, while the corpse of Manuel Pacheco was stripped of uniform and equipment. Following the unique but simple Mexican insurrection method of promotion, Corabado donned the neat blue jacket, with its heavily fringed epaulets, and buckled the sword around his belt.

On the same principle, a corporal substituted the former sergeant's coat for his own, and a private in his shirt-sleeves put on the corporal's jacket. "Volante!" cried the new captain. The soldiers closed in and the column moved forward. Manuel Pacheco was laid rigid and stark on the caliche, gazing at the cerulean sky with fixed and sightless eyes.

Buck Williams turned to look at Jitendra. The Oriental's face was inscrutable. He was gazing straight ahead, immovable, as if beholding some scene yet to emerge from the womb of time.

They rode on for several miles, the American growing more and more perplexed. Something—from somewhere—had annihilated the man who had vented his brutality in contemptible blow upon the face of one powerless to resist.

Had Buck's hands been unbound, Manuel Pacheco, ex-foreman of the employ of the El Tigre mine, would never have dared to offer such an affront to its owner; no, not if he had been in the center of a regiment of disciplined troops instead of a mere company of ragged peons whose counterfeit military air only heightened their ridiculous appearance and magnified their ignorant swagger.

They were banditti, not patriots; and their movements now were those of a body of half-terrified, yet revengeful men actuated by some intelligence superior to their own. The hideously sudden and unexplained death of their previous commander had dazed them.

The more he thought, the more incomprehensible the whole affair appeared to Buck Williams. He knew Mexico. His acquisition of the mineral land on which El Tigre was located had been achieved during the last years of the Diaz regime.

The very name of the mine itself had been derived from him. El Tigre signified "The Tiger," and that name had fallen once from the lips of a thieving peon, who was overtaken and effectually chastised by Buck himself for stealing camp supplies in the early days of his operations.

For Buck was named "The Tiger" because of his implacable fury when any attempt to victimize him was made by the subtle methods which Mexicans usually employ with a "gringo" unaccustomed to their ways.

Pacheco merely adjusted his heavy, gold-fringed epaulets and complacently patted away an imaginary wrinkle in the neat blue coat he wore as he signaled to the other mozos, standing respectfully but curiously beyond the door.

"Assist Senor Williams and his servant to horses," he curtly directed.

It was already sunrise. Outside the house the two were securely bound to the animals, and the party started down the trail toward the coast. At the fork of the highway leading on the left to Culiacan, they debouched to the right.

"Where are you taking us?" impudently demanded El Tigre's owner. "The commandante at Zapotillo desires your presence, senor," leered Pacheco.

"I'll get you for this, you greaser dog!" exclaimed the American.

For answer Pacheco drove his horse between the animal Williams was riding and Jitendra's mount, leaned over and struck the American a heavy blow across his unprotected face.

Although half-blinded with rage at the blow, Williams an instant later felt a strange thrill of some event out of the ordinary. Pacheco drew back, his brutish face wreathed in a grin of ferocious triumph; but the smile suddenly stiffened.

He reeled in his saddle; a second later his eyes almost started from their sockets with agony. His cigar-colored features grew purple and a flock of

canes, was inferior in resources for resistance to his enemies, while a gaunt, emaciated, undersized atom bound as securely as himself to another horse, invoked apparently occult powers with such startling results.

Jitendra's hands were tied as were his own—he could see the flesh swelling on the bony wrists where the taut rawhide was shrinking in the heat of the sun.

"The vengeance of Vishnu," at last he mechanically repeated, when the Hindu had apparently failed to notice his remark.

"Yes, Sahib Buck."

The squalid adobe structures of Zapotillo were now clearly in view. The soldiers sat a little more erect, closed their ragged ranks into slightly straighter lines, and the horses, sensing a delayed meal, moved forward at a swifter pace.

Still Jitendra did not vouchsafe any explanation. Only at the gate of the carcet itself, a few minutes later, did Buck Williams catch a low murmur of words. He listened eagerly.

The Hindu seemed to be chanting, but the words were English:

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly—I am the wings.
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

CHAPTER V.**Incarcerated.**

The jail at Zapotillo was a structure in which one would not particularly care to remain for a prolonged period. The intensely hot, humid day made the walls reel with stench from the insanitary conditions which always prevail in prisons, no matter how well cleaned.

The food was unspeakable; the water insufficient and unpalatable.

Buck Williams and Jitendra jointly occupied a black, fetid hole on the level of the street. It opened on the corridor, not far from the main gate.

A soldier in the passage guarded them, notwithstanding the thick earthen walls, with oak doors, traversed by heavy bars of wrought iron, which, of themselves, were certainly capable of detaining two men without tools to burrow or gnaw through them.

The American had not willingly entered.

In fact, he had strenuously objected. In terse Spanish idiom he demanded to be first taken before the jefe político, an official corresponding to a circuit judge in his own country.

His demand was ignored. Then the tiger in him bole up. His hands had been unbound after the main gate of the prison closed behind him. With characteristic, desperate courage, Buck hurled himself on a soldier and seized his weapon.

But the others, with a sinister deliberation, considering the mine owner's preconceived theory that some mysterious and malign influence was behind his seizure, covered him—and they were twelve to one.

For a moment the foul atmosphere of the carcet was surcharged with an impending tragedy.

Buck, glaring with malevolent eyes into the faces of his guards, knew that he could never hope to leave that horrible hole alive if he persisted in his frantic impulse to force his way out against such odds.

A curious sense of helplessness overwhelmed him; his strength seemed to be ebbing away. He paused, irresolutely, unheeding the sharp command of the captain of the guard to surrender.

Jitendra, impassive as a sphinx, stood aside, but the glitter of his shaggy hair showed that no detail of the scene before him was unnoticed. The rifle rattled to the earth at Buck's feet.

He turned at the imperative gesture of the commanding officer and meekly entered the cell toward which he and Jitendra had been walking. Inside the cell, once the door closed behind them, the light was dim.

Jitendra submissively seated himself cross-legged in one corner and remained utterly silent. The American, inwardly raging at his own unaccountable surrender and the memory of the injustice to which he had been subjected, paced up and down, true to his designation of "El Tigre."

The Hindu looked at him calmly.

"Sahib Buck wishes to leave this place."

"Leave it!" roared the American.

"Did I try to break into it?"

Freedom? Not at the price.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jazzering the Buzzer.

A newly designed triple tone electric bell yields a clear ring from one push button, a buzz from the second and a combined ring and buzz from the third. The buttons may be placed on three different doors of a house, or in office or shop the signals may be used for calling three different persons.—Popular Science Monthly.

Tableware

From the world's greatest silversmiths, the kind you will be proud of. We bought with good judgment—so can you here... Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK
FOUNDED 1886
MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY

GROUND UNDER HEAVY TAXES

People in Bible Times Completely at Mercy of Extortionate Extractors of Tribute.

People in the Bible times were taxed heavily. They were on a straight levy, not based on incomes or excess profits. Payment was compelled and no excuses made, nor were there any exemptions to married men or heads of families. Although there were no army or navy establishments and no airplane program, the people paid their assessments in both gold and silver.

King Solomon compelled the Canaanites who were left in the country to pay him tribute. The rebellion of Jeroboam on account of the heavy taxes levied by Solomon, afterward growing into the revolt of the Ten Tribes, was the most pretentious kick against the levy of the powers in Bible times. Jeroboam was at first compelled to take refuge in Egypt, and it was on account of the taxes and levies laid by Solomon that the Israelites said to Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, upon the latter's death:

"Thy father made our yokes grievous; now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father and his heavy yokes which he put upon us lighter and we will serve thee."

When Caesar Augustus was in power and Quirinus was governor of Syria, after having just been elected for a third term because he had kept the Syrians out of war, the first named issued a proclamation signed by his secretary of state that the whole world should be taxed. And all the people went to their own city to be taxed. The later editions of the Bible speak of the act as the people being "enrolled."

HISTORY MERELY A LESSON

Paints Pictures Only That They May Be an Inspiration to Future Generations.

History does not relate for the sake of relating; it does not paint for the sake of painting; it relates and paints the past that it may be a living lesson of the future. It proposes to instruct new generations by the experience of those who have gone before them, by exhibiting to them a faithful

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

(Copyright.)

"Your Mine or Your Life!"

Synopsis.—Buchanan Williams, American owner of the "El Tigre" mine in Mexico, saves the life of a Hindu, Jalisingsrao Jitendra, in a train wreck in the United States. The Hindu vows eternal gratitude. Buck Williams receives a message telling him Mexican revolutionists have seized his mine and killed or driven off the Americans. On his way to his mine, alone, Buck discovers that Jitendra is following him, and he orders him to turn back. The Hindu apparently acquiesces, but when Buck reaches the mine he finds Jitendra there. The Hindu declares Fate has bound him and Buck together, and asserts that the gods Vishnu and Siva are with him. While in a sleep of exhaustion Buck is made prisoner by a Mexican force headed by Manuel Pacheco, his former mine foreman. With Jitendra, also a prisoner, the party sets out for Zapallito. On the way Pacheco brutally strikes Williams and almost immediately falls from his horse dead, apparently without cause. Arriving at Zapallito Buck and Jitendra are placed in a filthy cell.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

—5—

He loosened the collar of his shirt and mopped the perspiration from his neck. The foul apology for air was suffocating.

"See here, Jitendra, do you want to help me get out?"

"Assuredly, sahib."

"Then get up, go to the door, and demand that the British ambassador be notified of your arrest. When you get out, as you surely will, send a telegram to William Scott, International hotel, Nogales, Arizona, U. S. A., telling him I'm here. That may help a little. There's something going on here that I don't understand at all, Jitendra. I didn't ask you to come with me—I did the best I could to get you to go on about your own business. So there's no reason at all for you to be locked up, and if there's any why I should be, I want to know it!"

"Do you, indeed?"

Buck leaped toward the sound and peered through the tiny, grated orifice in the iron-bound oak door. The query was in English, but it carried a mocking sneer which worked the mine owner into a new frenzy.

He could not make out the features of the speaker in the semi-darkness, yet he fancied he had heard the voice on some other occasion.

"See you do not recognize me," blandly went on the same speaker. "Well, Mr. Williams, I'm Herbert Hardinge—you recall the name, don't you—Hardinge, agent for the United Kingdom Exploration company?"

"Yes," replied Williams brusquely; "that is, if you are the same Hardinge that tried to beat me out of the El Tigre property five years ago. What of it?"

"I just heard of your plight," smoothly answered the syndicate agent, and hurried down to see if I could be of any assistance to you."

Williams hesitated.

Herbert Hardinge had consistently and relentlessly opposed him in the past. Their litigation over the ownership of El Tigre had been expensive to both and it had only ended when the highest court in Mexico upheld his own prior rights.

But blood is thicker than water, and the Anglo-Saxon love of justice sometimes causes white men in foreign lands to forget past differences in new perils. So Williams replied:

"That's mighty white of you, Hardinge. I don't know why I'm here, for I've done nothing to merit imprisonment. Of course, I don't want to stay—I want to get back to El Tigre and if you can help me out I'll surely be grateful to you."

"I think the matter can be very easily arranged," suavely answered the Englishman; "otherwise I should not have bothered about coming down."

"How?"

"If you will transfer El Tigre mine to the ownership of my company, promise to return to the United States without delay, and give a pledge not to re-enter Mexico for five years, you will be free in half an hour."

Williams could not credit his hearing. What had El Tigre's ownership to do with his arrest, or in what manner could the abandonment of his property be made an excuse for releasing him?

"I see that you do not thoroughly understand your present position," satirically observed Hardinge as Williams groped vainly for words with which to voice his indignant surprise.

"You are right—I don't, Hardinge. But, before you go further, let me tell you this: I returned to El Tigre only yesterday from the United States. I was set upon by my former mine foreman, bound while asleep, and he started to bring me here. He offered no explanation for his extraordinary and illegal conduct."

"He died, from some cause I cannot understand, while on the way. But I did not jeopardize myself by returning to Mexico with any intention of

develop. Why should I purchase freedom by voluntarily surrendering El Tigre, when I came back here to hold it, at all hazards?"

"I would not advise haste in decision." Hardinge's tone was frigid. "You ought to think this matter over and weigh things carefully, Williams, before coming to a conclusion which may only involve you further."

"How can it involve me? What matter are you referring to?"

"The officials of the government at Mexico City who decided that you were the rightful owner of El Tigre have been superseded by other men."

"I know that, Hardinge. But even the ones now in power will not presume to declare my titles invalid without a hearing on the merits, nor uphold an arrest for peacefully occupying my property—surely, at least, not before the reopening of a case which was settled before their highest court."

"No?" The query carried an undertone of insolent sarcasm.

"No!" The defiance in the prisoner's voice was unmistakable.

"I supposed, Williams, that you had been in Mexico long enough to understand the unstable character of the government. But you are evidently unaware that since your departure from the state of Sinaloa it has ceased."

"I had not heard of it."

"Nor that General Juan Moreno is now the provisional governor of the province?"

"It's all news to me."

"I imagined it would be. Now, let us be frank. I am uncommonly generous with you, Williams. As governor of this province, General Moreno has declared titles to all property held or acquired by Americans within the past ten years void, and they have been confiscated. Hereafter no American can acquire, nor hold, by purchase or otherwise, property in Sinaloa, during the existence of this provisional government, at least. This decree has the support of Moreno's advisors and the approval of a large majority, at least, of the residents of the province. You see where you are, don't you?"

Williams gasped.

The sheer audacity of the thing was incredible. Yet, what could he or other Americans expect from the bungling way the whole "Mexican problem" seemed to have been handled at home?

"But what has this to do with my arrest?" he savagely demanded.

"Everything," bluntly retorted Hardinge. "You were an interloper and a trespasser on property now owned and about to be operated by the United Kingdom Exploration company. Orders were issued by Governor General Moreno himself that you should be brought in, if you came back to El Tigre. You returned and Captain Manuel Pacheco, one of Moreno's own staff, was sent to carry out the order. That is why you are here."

"I see," bitterly exclaimed the prisoner. "But why was I not taken before the Jefe político and warned about this new law?"

Governor Moreno has suspended the civil statutes until the province is entirely pacified."

"Then why was I not taken before him?"

"Ah! I think you will scarcely be anxious to face a military tribunal composed of General Moreno's officers, Williams—at least, if you still possess the discretion with which I have always credited you."

"Why not? What have I to fear from him or his officers?"

"You ought to know. Captain Pacheco did not return to Zapallito with his command, did he?"

"I realize it. But what has that to do with me?"

"You are accused of murdering him this morning."

"Rats!"

"The military court" evenly resumed Hardinge, "I am informed, will accord you a hearing this afternoon—probably within an hour. You know what that signifies as well as I. You were armed and arrested by Captain Pacheco. He was murdered—they have brought in his body. You are accused. The Lieutenant of the command, who succeeded to Pacheco's title, the sergeant and other officers, as well as some of the privates, were giving their testimony before the court when I was admitted to the carcel."

Buck Williams laughed contemptuously.

"That is why I came," severely continued Hardinge, "to see if I could help you out of this ugly mess. I've fought you, but I don't particularly wish to see you backed against the wall of the carcel and shot to death at sunrise tomorrow morning. I'm a persistent enemy, Williams, but not a vindictive one. Now, what do you say to my former proposition about getting out of Mexico?"

"If that's the best card you have up your sleeve with which to hoodwink me out of El Tigre, Hardinge, you'd better go back to your exploration company and wait for Moreno's firing squad to shoot. Why, man, it's about as good form to take a lady's arm, unless to assist her in some way."

Buck plays his last card.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Etiquette of Walking.

When in the street, especially in daytime, a lady is not supposed to take a gentleman's arm, unless she is infirm or elderly, though she may properly do so at night. When walking with two ladies a gentleman may walk on the outside, or the inside, or, rather, the side from which he can best guard his companion or companions from obstacles or danger. It is not good form to take a lady's arm, unless to assist her in some way.

Washington Monument.
From floor of shaft to apex, the Washington monument is 555 feet 5½ inches high; the shaft itself is 500 feet 5½ inches, the small pyramid which tops the shaft being 55 feet. The base is 55 feet 1½ inches square. The walls are 15 feet thick at the base of the shaft and taper to 18 inches

The KITCHEN CABINET

Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example.—Mark Twain.

EVERY-DAY FOOD.

A can of salmon on the emergency shelf is a most convenient form of food, as it may be served in a variety of ways.

Salmon Souffle.

—Remove the skin and bones from canned salmon; separate into flakes and season with one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonsfuls of lemon juice and pepper and paprika to taste. Cool one-half cupful of bread crumbs with one-half cupful of milk five minutes. Add the salmon, the yolks of three eggs beaten thick and the whites beaten stiff; these are folded in lightly at the last. Turn into a buttered baking dish and set into a pan of hot water to boil. Serve with:

Spanish Sauce.—Melt three tablespoonsfuls of butter, add three tablespoonsfuls of flour; stir until well blended, then pour on gradually, stirring constantly, one cupful of milk and one-half cupful cream. Bring to the boiling point. Add one-half cupful of pimento puree, one teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne. To prepare the puree, put a cup of pimento through a sieve, after draining them.

Baked Rhubarb.—Wash and soak eight prunes; when soft, remove the stones and cut in pieces. Cut up two cupfuls of rhubarb without removing the peeling, add one cupful of boiling water to the rhubarb and prunes and bake in a moderate oven until nearly cooked, then add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar.

Meat and Potato Pie.—Take one cupful of cold chopped meat, two tablespoonsfuls of minced onion, one-half cupful of canned tomatoes, two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, with salt and pepper to season. Put a layer of meat in the bottom of the baking dish, add a little onion and seasonings, and half the tomato; repeat and cover with the mashed potato. Cover, and bake in a hot oven.

Hot String Bean Salad.—Take cooked string beans and a tablespoonful or two of shredded onion. Pour over them a little hot bacon fat and a few slices of bacon cut in cubes and cooked brown. Add salt and pepper and enough boiling water to give the proper zest.

What a young man earns during the day goes into his pocket; but what he spends in the evening goes into his character.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

A salad is always enjoyed and any new combination welcomed.

Cheese Salad.—Take half a pound of rich American cheese, one cream cheese, one tablespoonful of cream, two green peppers and one Southern onion chopped fine. Rub the cream cheese, cream and grated or minced American cheese to a smooth paste.

Add the finely chopped onion, a stalk of celery and the peppers all finely minced. Season with paprika, add salt and cayenne and mold into a loaf. Place on ice to harden. Serve with hot toasted crackers.

Lobster With Rice.—Cut the white meat of one chicken and one lobster into dice. Put two tablespoonsfuls of sweet fat into a shallow frying pan, add one sweet green pepper and one sweet red pepper chopped fine; stir until they are soft. Add the lobster and chicken, one teaspoonful of salt; heat slowly, while a cupful of seasoned tomato sauce is prepared. Put two cupfuls of hot seasoned rice in the center of a platter, put the meat mixture over the top and pour over the tomato sauce and send to the table.

Cadillac Codfish.—Pick over salt codfish and separate into small pieces. Measure two-thirds of a cupful of lukewarm water, cook until soft and drain. Cut four medium-sized cooked potatoes into slices, arrange a layer of potatoes and a layer of fish, sprinkle with salt and pepper; repeat. Pour over one and one-half cupfuls of tomato sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown in a moderate oven.

Venetian Sauce.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add four tablespoonsfuls of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually while stirring constantly two cupfuls of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point and add the juice of half a lemon, one-fourth of a cupful of capers, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and two tablespoonsfuls of finely chopped pickles. Again bring to the boiling point, season with salt and add two tablespoonsfuls of butter bit by bit.

Dutch Peppermints.—Mix a pound and a quarter of brown sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Into this stir three eggs, and add as much flour as it is possible to work in, for this dough must be very stiff. Roll moderately thin, and cut in circles the size of a quarter; bake in a very slow oven. These little cakes will puff up, and are delicious. They will keep for months.

Olive Sauce.—Cook two dozen large green olives in hot water for 30 min-

utes; pare and chop. Into a saucepan put four tablespoonsfuls of finely minced onion, and cook brown. Add four tablespoonsfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; stir together to a paste and add one and one-half cupfuls of brown stock. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture boils, then stir into it the chopped olives, and serve. This is a sauce especially nice for fish, game or cold meat.

The creation of a joyous, harmonious, altruistic home is a work sacred enough to win an angel from her harp, or a monarch from his throne.—E. B. Herbert.

THREE MEALS A DAY.

The every day problem of preparing nourishing food in the right quantity, with little waste and a reasonable expenditure, is the work of twenty million housewives in the United States. In cities where the community

kitchen has been established, where families may purchase a cooked meal, much of the labor, fuel and good health of the women may be conserved. Where the servant problem was difficult in days past it is now unsolvable, for we are coming to the place where "there ain't no such animal"; they are not to be had at any price.

The labor saving in this plan is worth considering. If 40 homes in any community bought meals, even the saving of dish-washing (as the dishes in some places are sent and returned to be washed) would give the housemother many hours a day to attend to other household duties, saving strength, good looks and temper.

Instead of using the telephone to order the day's supply of foods or marketing from place to place, in towns where co-operative or community kitchens are established, she simply orders the meal prepared for that day, and it is delivered in piping-hot receptacles, with dishes for serving if so desired. In a few minutes the meal is on the table, and afterward there are no cooking dishes to be washed. A motor appears and gathers the food containers; these will be washed in steam vats, hundreds of them at once. The economy of this enterprise will appeal to most householders, as it does away with the cost of the fuel burned in the forty or a hundred homes preparing that meal. Food bought in such quantities can be purchased much cheaper, as everyone knows.

These community kitchens have proved successful in several cities, and are growing in popularity. The cost of the plant, to begin with, the salary of the manager and helpers, has all been met with a fair profit in most cases, and so far this seems to be the only ray of light for the servantless home.

"If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrows thou wouldest fain forget; If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,

Go to the woods and hills; no tears dim the sweet look that nature wears."

WHAT TO EAT.

Bread made with buttermilk is fine of texture, tender and especially good.

Take one and one-fourth pints of sweet fresh buttermilk, add one tablespoonful of sugar, two teaspoonsfuls of salt, one-half of a compressed yeast cake and flour to make a stiff batter. Scald half a pint of sifted flour with the buttermilk, then add the salt and sugar. Dissolve the yeast in a little tepid water. When it is a little more than lukewarm add it to the batter. Beat thoroughly and set to rise overnight in a warm place. In the morning it should be very light and covered with air bubbles, which break when the cover is removed.

When mixing the batter take three quarts of flour, a tablespoonful of lard and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and more salt if needed. Add to the sponge and water to make a smooth stiff dough. Knead fifteen minutes and set to rise in a warm place. Cover closely to exclude the air. When the dough is light mold into loaves. Set to rise again and when light bake as carefully as if it were cake.

Sally Lunn's.—Take four cupfuls of flour, four tablespoonsfuls of sugar, four tablespoonsfuls of butter, one-quarter of a tablespoonful of salt, one yeast cake, two eggs, half a cupful of milk and water. Crumble the yeast cake into a cup, put with it one teaspoonful each of sugar and flour; add half a cupful of lukewarm water and stand in a warm place for fifteen minutes.

Sift into a bowl the flour, salt and sugar; rub in the butter. Pour the yeast into the center of the flour, add the eggs well beaten, milk and enough lukewarm water to make a very soft dough. Mix and beat well with a wooden spoon; set in a warm place to rise for one hour. Grease three round cake tins and place the mixture in these. Let stand in warm place till risen to the top of the tins. Brush over with beaten egg. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. They should be lightly browned all over. Stand a minute before turning out. They may be buttered and eaten fresh, but are usually split in three and toasted when a day old.

Nellie Maxwell

A Good Watch

Helps a boy—makes him prompt. Start him right; keep him right; give him a

A LETTER FOR WOMEN

From a Woman Whose Serious Illness Was Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

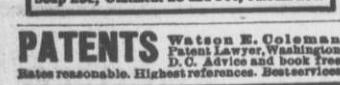
Garnett, Kan.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a complete nervous breakdown following the birth of my oldest child. I got up too soon which caused serious female trouble. I was so weak that I was not able to be on my feet but very little and could not do my housework at all. I had a bad pain in my left side and it would pain terribly if I stepped off a curb-stone. One day one of your booklets was thrown in the yard and I read every word in it. There were so many who had been helped by your medicine that I wanted to try it and my husband went to town and got me a bottle. It seemed as though I felt relief after the second dose, so I kept on until I had taken five bottles and by that time I was as well as I could wish. About a year later I gave birth to a ten pound boy, and have had two more children since and my health has been fine. If I ever have trouble of any kind I am going to take your medicine for I give it all the praise for my good health. I always recommend your medicine whenever I can."—Mrs. Eva E. SHAY, Garnett, Kansas.

Prayed for Cure Finds it After 10 Years

Food Would Sour and Boil —Teeth Like Chalk

Mr. Herbert M. Gessner writes from his home in Berlin, N. H.:

I had stomach trouble over ten years; kept getting worse. I tried everything for relief but it came back worse than ever. Last fall I got awfully bad; could only eat light loaf bread and tea. In January I got so bad that what I would eat would sour and boil; my teeth would be like chalk. I suffered terribly. I prayed every day for something to cure me. One day I read about EATONIC and told my wife to get me a box at the drug store as I was going to work at 4 p.m. I took one-third of it and began to feel relief; when it was three-fourths gone, I felt fine and when it was used up I had no pains. Wife got me another box but I have felt the pain but twice. I used five tablets out of the new box and I have no more stomach trouble. Now I write to tell you how thankful I am that I heard of EATONIC. I feel like a new man; I eat what I like, drink plenty of water, and it never hurts me at all.



Meant What She Said.

Mabel—How can you be so insincere? You told Mr. Boreleigh that you were sorry you were out when he called.

Marie—Oh, no, my dear, I said I was sorry he called when I was out. You see, he's likely to call some time when I am in.—Boston Transcript.

SHOES WEAR LONGER
When you walk in comfort: so do stockings. A package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shorten stockings and spirits of the foot-bath, gives you that "old shoe" comfort and saves wear. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller by changing some Allen's Foot-Ease in each shoe in the morning. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Place Knew Her No More.

Husband—That new maid is certainly quiet. One would never know that she was about the place.

Wife—She isn't. She left this morning.—London Tit-Bits.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher*.

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Quickest Way.

"How do you think this high cost of living can be suspended?" "The only way I know of is to hang the profiteers."



W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 24, 1929

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

Copyright:

"Go Thou—and Quickly."

Synopsis.—Buchanan Williams, American owner of the "El Tigre" mine in Mexico, saves the life of a Hindu Jallingsrao Jitendra, in a train wreck in the United States. The Hindu vowed eternal revenge. Buck Williams receives a message telling him Mexican revolutionists have seized his mine and killed or driven off the Americans. On his way to his mine, alone, Buck discovers that Jitendra is following him, and he orders him to turn back. The Hindu apparently acquiesces, but when Buck reaches the mine he finds Jitendra there. The Hindu declares Fate has bound him and Buck together, and asserts that the gods Vishnu and Siva are with him. While in a sleep of exhaustion Buck is made prisoner by a Mexican force headed by Manuel Pacheco, his former mine foreman. With Jitendra, also a prisoner, the party sets out for Zapotillo. On the way Pacheco brutally strikes Williams and almost immediately falls from his horse dead, apparently without cause. Arriving at Zapotillo, Buck and Jitendra are placed in a filthy cell. Williams is visited by Herbert Hardinge, representative of a rival mining company. He offers Williams his liberty if he will abandon El Tigre and agree to leave the country.

turn knife you in the back without warning if he thinks by so doing he can get an extra peso to wager on a cock-fight or spend for mescal.

"What a trio of crooks!" muttered Buck, clutching his hands in futile rage. "Pacheco tells Hardinge how we are getting on with the development; Hardinge goes to the smelter, bribes a clerk and gets copies of our liquidation sheets, confirming Pacheco's information; Moreno promises Hardinge El Tigre in return for financing his revolution; Pacheco is made a captain. All of the time I have been digging a mine—not for Buchanan Williams, but for the United Kingdom Exploration company—and the minute I amble back here like a prize automaton, the same as she would claim him at sunrise.

The voice of the chanting Hindu grew fainter.

The drowsy American felt that he was falling into the abyss of all things—the place from which he had sprung. Around him mysterious creatures, with calm, untroubled countenances, like Jitendra's face, swirled on soundless wings.

The world of strife and struggle, of bitter hate and burning discord, of which he had been a part was blotted out, and, instead, there was only a superlative sense of contentment, a divine peace, a sweet oblivion.

* * * * *

"Sahib Buck! Sahib Buck!"

Williams struggled in dazed fashion to his knees.

Between his dream and the darkness he was so confused that he did not realize where he was—or why. Something cold, metallic, slender, was forcing itself into his hands.

"There is little time, sahib," hissed the voice. "See—the door is open and the gods granted thy request. Make haste, I pray thee, and depart. Beware of the other who sits asleep just within the gate of this place."

"W-W-who—what the devil are you talking about? Oh, I remember now—it's you, Jitendra, isn't it?"

"Yes, sahib, but delay not. The night is yet young—by dawn thou must be far from here."

"Sahib Williams!" called the man in command.

"What do you want?" growled Buck. "General Juan Moreno presents his compliments and requires your presence, with that of your servant."

The American squared his shoulders, threw back his head, and strode toward the open door. Jitendra, without a word, rose and meekly followed. The file of men, with fixed, murderous bayonets, closed round the pair and the procession moved down the corridor.

CHAPTER VI.

Strangely Set Free.

"My friend, we have less than twelve hours to live."

Buck Williams gazed down at the stoical Jitendra. The Hindu was sitting in one corner of the cell, a darker blotch against the gloom, save for his snowy turban and gleaming eyes.

The farcical court-martial was concluded, Mexican justice had been done, and Hardinge's prophecy verified in detail.

"I am very sorry you persisted in following me into this diabolical country," regretfully went on the mine-owner. "I knew there was bound to be trouble. You have sacrificed yourself uselessly."

The reply irritated Williams.

"What is to be, will be, Sahib Buck. It is as Vishnu and Siva ordain—but we are not yet dead."

The cool, satiny rifle barrel sent a thrill of madly intoxicating ecstasy rioting through the American's brain.

"If Mr. Vishnu has any pull in this precinct, I sure hope he'll do something for you," he sarcastically observed. "I wouldn't bother about sending him any thoughtless messages, Jitendra. If I knew Vishnu well enough I'd brace him for a good gun and about fifty cartridges. Of course Moreno's men might get me, but it would be some satisfaction to have a little company across the river tomorrow morning. Do you suppose Vishnu could slip us a .30-.30 in here, somehow?"

"Sahib Buck wishes a gun?"

"In the absence of anything that will assist us both to dissolve and float out of here through the keyhole—yes—I'll be very glad to have a gun. I've heard how people in India grow plants from seeds under a cloth in a few minutes. Now, if you can pull off a stunt like that, only grow me a gun instead of a plant—one that won't miss fire or jam cartridges in the magazine—I'll guarantee to make mighty good use of it. Do you happen to have any gunseeds or ammunition sprouts with you?"

Jitendra grew thoughtful. "Very well. Will the sahib not first seek release?"

Williams sneered.

"We'll have plenty of sleep a little after sunrise," he remarked. "Why waste the time now?"

"What says the Ancient Wisdom: 'Sleep is a lake where the soul finds food,'" politely returned the other.

"In sleep many strange things come to one—it is not so!"

softly. Even the proximity of death had not changed him in the slightest. As Williams pondered and listened to the regular tramp of the Mexican on guard in the corridor, something of the utter fatalism of life—or death—came over him.

Why cry out or struggle against the inevitable? Sooner or later he must certainly pass from out the ferment of humanity, to lie forgotten in some quiet corner. It might as well be now as any other time, except for one thing—El Tigre.

For an instant a flame of bitter hatred blazed up as he thought of the crafty Hardinge. Had it not been for that subtle, human scorpion he would not be lying in this horrid hole, waiting the summons which would terminate his ambitious life.

But the bitterness died away.

Hardinge was only another puppet of fate—a stuffed doll—like himself, a mere marionette in the drama of existence, for fate bears rule over all. Presently he, too, would be thrust back into the cosmic trunk by the Great Property Man of the whole fantastic show, and death, the wardrobe mistress, would receive the battered automaton, the same as she would claim him at sunrise.

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Presently he, too, would be thrust back into the cosmic trunk by the Great Property Man of the whole fantastic show, and death, the wardrobe mistress, would receive the battered automaton, the same as she would claim him at sunrise.

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SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

(Copyright)

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

—7—

Williams seized the ringed key from the guard's inert fingers and thrust it into the lock. The last barrier swung inward, the soft breeze of the resurgent night kissed his feverish face, and he was blotted out by its protecting curtain.

Jalisingra Jitendra squatted in the corner of the cell from which the American had so miraculously been released, and bent over the prostrate figure of the Mexican who had been on guard in the corridor.

Back and forth on the breast of the soldier, who lay rigidly upon his back, swayed two sinister, menacing points of crimson, and in perfect unison swayed also two others upon the head of the Hindu.

"Wouldst thou have life?" sternly demanded the little brown man of the prostrate figure.

"Si, señor!"

"Then heed well what I shall say," went on the other in cold, precise accents. "If they wake to find Sahib Buck gone, thou, instead of he, will die. So, thou too must depart."

He leaned closer to the man, whose face was distorted with a hideous terror. As the Mexican comprehended the half-friendly attitude of the Hindu, hope struggled with despair in his eyes.

"Tell me, is it true that I, too, am to die with the coming of the sun?"

The Mexican nodded. "But that, señor, is not of my doing, nor is it in my power to save you—unless you flee with El Americano."

"We shall see," crisply returned the Oriental. "Where is it that the killers of men will work their evil powers upon me if I remain?"

"In the yard of the carcel, señor. They will tell you to go, that you are free, and then as you near the gate to pass through it they will fire at your back."

Jitendra pondered a moment, his head inclined a little forward. He was debating what course to pursue. If he attempted to flee now out into the night in this unknown country, his swollen feet would be a terrible handicap. Even with a horse he would almost certainly be seen, overtaken and shot by the soldiers who swarmed through the province of Sinaloa.

Beside, Sahib Buck must have ample time to reach his friends, else what he had done for his preserver would count for nothing.

"Where will the men stand to slay one who bears them no malice?" he queried.

"Somewhat."

"The passage through which you were brought to this cell leads to the carcel yard. Directly across on the other side is the gate to the street. The soldiers—"

"How many?"

"Six, señor, and a corporal, make up the firing squad. These will take you to the yard. You will be told that any reasonable request of yours will be granted. It may also be made to appear that you are free to depart. But, if so, be not deceived. You will never pass the gate alive."

"Behind, near the edge of the yard, close to the building and directly over an old drain, the six will stand with rifles ready. As you near the gate you will die by their shots. I have spoken truth, señor, I swear it by the saints."

"What is this drain?—I do not understand."

"A very old, large, round pipe, señor, once used to carry off waste, but now abandoned. You may see the end above the ground on the way to the gate. It is not far from the carcel itself where it comes up through the ground, from there it runs along the yard beneath where the soldiers stand. Señor, I swear I have told you all—will you now not take from me this strange, hideous monster with the flaming eyes, ere I die?"

"One more thing must I know," icily replied the Hindu. "If I should ask of the corporal a cigarette—what then?"

"The officer in command would give it to you."

"Now, listen with care to my words—for on them hang life or death for thee," venomously hissed Jitendra, bending so low that his lips almost touched those of the other man. "I shall ask for that cigarette when I start for the gate. And, if I am given it not—well, it were better for thee that thou wert never born. If I receive it, and thou also obey me in what I shall now require of thee—it shall be life and joy to thee in the years to come. Heed well, therefore, and fail not to obey me in all I shall command of thee."

He whispered a few words in the ear of the prostrate figure.

"That is all," he observed.

"I understand, señor. By the blessed saints, I swear to do as you have asked. Now, may I depart?"

Slowly Jitendra arose and stood before the door. The angry, crimson orbs above the breast of the soldier vanished, to reappear near the other two above the Hindu's turban.

"... we are brothers and thou art

mine," resumed Jitendra. "To kill is sin. Therefore, and because thou hast promised to do as I have commanded, I bind upon thee the sacred symbols of Vishnu and Siva—that no harm may hereafter come to thee. Loose thy shirt."

The quivering Mexican obeyed. Something cold, clammy, and unspeakably repugnant wrapped itself around him.

"Thus does Siva enfold thee," went on the Oriental. "Never again canst thou offend the gods by causing the death of any living thing." His lithe arm flung itself out in the darkness, and again the shuddering Mexican experienced the sublimity of horror as his hot blood raced through his icy body.

"With Vishnu, too, do I crown thee, brother. Now, if thou do but keep thy promise all will be well with thee. But—"Jitendra paused significantly—"of this also be assured. If I die at sunrise because thou hast lied, the gods Vishnu and Siva did not with me, but live on forever. Whither thou goest, even if it were to the ends of the earth, there Vishnu will pursue thee—and Siva, too, will seek thee out!"

CHAPTER VII.

Jitendra Disappears.

His excellency, Governor General Juan Moreno, scowled blackly into the sleep-heavy countenance of Herbert Hardinge. The two sat in the temporary official headquarters of the provisional government of Sinaloa. It was a little before dawn.

"Your bird has flown, señor," he tersely observed.

"What do you mean?" Hardinge's dismayed face grew gray beneath his reddish tan.

Moreno shrugged his shoulders.

"I have the honor to inform you," punctiliously sneered the insurrecto, "that Senor Williams escaped from his cell some time tonight and is still at large. I have given orders that he shall be brought in, dead or alive. My men are searching everywhere for him. We learned of it an hour ago, when the officers of the night changed the guards at the prison."

"Why—it's impossible!" gasped Hardinge. "How did he manage to do it?"

"We do not know. The sentry at the gate was found with his skull crushed and the gate open. Williams was gone. The guard who was on duty in the corridor, and who was personally responsible for the security of the prisoners, is under suspicion, but he cannot be found."

"Did the other prisoner escape also—the one claiming to be a British subject?"

"No. I do not understand why. We found him asleep in the cell. He answers no questions. He will be executed at sunrise, and Williams will be shot wherever found—those are my orders."

Hardinge nodded uneasily.

The escape was a thing he had not counted upon. With El Tigre's owner at large, his plans for seizing the mine might not be so easily carried out. The American government might make representations to Great Britain or Mexico, through diplomatic channels.

Hardinge's position, in that event, would be far from enviable. The little brown man who had been in the cell during his interview with Williams a few hours before might also prove to be an awkward stumbling block. With him gone, there would at least be no confirmatory witness to his threats.

Hardinge rose from his chair.

The first faint shimmer of the dawn was glinting the tops of the hills in the east. The time for the execution was near, and the Englishman determined to observe the removal of, at least, one possible impediment to his future schemes.

"Five million dollars is too big a stake to take any more chances of losing," he muttered as he reached the jail gate. "I might have known that a resolute fighter like Williams would be up to some trick—probably he promised that guard enough pesos to make him rich. If I'd been at all clever I would have seen this thing through myself, even if I had to walk that foul-smelling corridor all night to make sure."

He slipped into the jail yard, heedless of the glorious beauty of the new day, just in time to see the frail figure of the Hindu as he emerged from the building.

Jitendra was curiously calm—the face of Buddha himself could not have been more inscrutable, nor unmoved by fear. He chanted something in a low, clear tone as he passed Hardinge without a look of recognition.

The agent for the United Kingdom Exploration company shivered.

There was a quality in the timbre of that voice suggesting a mysterious, malign presence—a sense of something hovering over and around the place of death, invisible but, nevertheless, very real. The words, too, were disquieting.

If the red slayer think he slays, or if the slain think he is slain, They little know the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Jitendra paused, waiting meekly for directions. The corporal in command of the squad pointed toward the wall.

"Your sentence has been set aside, señor. There is the path to the street."

The prisoner had not been bound.

At the gate of the jail yard swinging invitingly open the leering soldiers parted their ranks, resting their rifles on the ground—assuming an air of careless indifference, but, nevertheless, covertly watching the man.

"They're going to give him la ley mala," shivered Hardinge. "I guess Moreno's got cold feet on his court-martial sentence—don't want to take chances officially. I wish I hadn't told him yesterday that this fellow claimed to be a British subject. If he should prove a good sprinter and they should miss—"

He chilled and broke off.

Jitendra stepped lightly and without emotion toward the gate, flinging back over his shoulder the innocent smile of a pleased child. Hardinge heard the low command and saw a soldier start to raise his rifle. He turned away.

A formal execution, with man defiantly facing the firing squad, was not so unusual as to excite horror when the condemned was a native. But this was the epitome of betrayal—the deliberate, cowardly assassination of a man who has been told that he is free to depart, only to fall, bullet-shattered from behind, at the very verge of his coveted freedom.

La ley mala is truly Mexican.

"Will you give me a cigarette, señor?" Hardinge whirled.

Jitendra was retracing his steps toward the corporal in command. Murder is murder—but, even in Mexico, it is hard for a murderer to shoot down a pitiful, gaunt, soft-eyed, unsuspecting atom of humanity while appealing to him for a last solace.

The officer sheepishly passed over the materials. Jitendra dexterously rolled the golden-brown tobacco in the wrapper, and, still smiling, reached for the match which was tendered him.

He bowed his thanks and again walked firmly toward the gate. A few feet further on he stooped to ignite the match on the end of the old drain which it projected above the ground. Crouching low, he sheltered the flame with his cupped hands.

The blazing remnant he dropped into the hole. He rose, facing the impatient soldiers, puffing vigorously, then turned and walked a step or two further in the direction of the entrance, still some distance away, which it was never intended he should reach alive.

He bowed his thanks and again walked firmly toward the gate. A few feet further on he stooped to ignite the match on the end of the old drain which it projected above the ground. Crouching low, he sheltered the flame with his cupped hands.

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The sound, curiously resembling a hiss, swept along beneath the surface of the ground, almost at the Englishman's feet. It was not unlike the subdued "swish" of a rocket as it hurtles through the air, or the whisper of a serpent beneath a tuft of grass.

The corporal had no time to recover from his surprise. Beneath his feet the earth suddenly upheaved, followed by a roar that mingled with the volley of the firing squad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANIMAL OF LOW MENTALITY

Writer Asserts That Stories Crediting Elephant With High Intelligence Are Pure Fiction.

The elephant is a mental pygmy, and his reputation for intelligence is mere fiction, writes Richard L. Garner in the Forum. His sensibilities are dull and all his mental faculties slow and irresolute. Almost every detail of the elephant's conduct indicates an intelligence inferior to that of monkeys, baboons and carnivores.

Native hunters usually use little dogs, wearing wooden bells, while hunting elephants. The dogs can chase the huge beasts wherever they will without even barking at them, and the tinkling of the bell advises the hunter as to the beast's location. A metal bell would alarm and stampede a whole herd of elephants, hence the wooden bell. Hunters track an elephant until they find the elephant dosing, or else surprise him when he passes a certain section, driven by the dog. Sometimes they pour a lot of broken metal at him from an old flintlock gun, or else spear him. A single shot is rarely ever fatal, and hunters sometimes trail the beast for a week before finally killing him. No one man would ever think of taking such liberties with a wounded gorilla, chimpanzee or leopard.

Informed.

Mr. Batz—You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your home.

Mr. Meek (sadly)—It isn't necessary. She knows—Life.

His Business.

"That fellow is going to the dogs as fast as he can."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's a veterinarian."

TRACTORS QUITE USEFUL ON FARMS

Number of Horses Being Displaced Determined by Number Kept for Cultivation.

RESULTS OF INVESTIGATION

Principal Advantage of Machine Lies in Ability to Do Heavy Work in Shorter Time Than Is Possible With Animals.

The number of horses displaced by tractors in the corn belt is largely determined by the number it is necessary to keep for corn cultivation, and other work current at the same time which the tractor cannot do. This is, perhaps, the most important of the facts brought out by an investigation recently made by the United States department of agriculture in seven corn-belt states, relative to the influence of tractors on the use of horses, the results of which have been published in Farmers' Bulletin 1093.

Experience of Owners.

The department has drawn on the experience of 191 tractor owners, in the preparation of this bulletin, which is designed to enable the corn-belt



The Number of Horses Displaced by Tractors in the Corn Belt Is Largely Determined by the Number Needed for Corn Cultivation and Other Work at the Same Time Which the Tractor Cannot Do.

farmer to answer for himself the following questions:

For what operations can I use the tractor?

In what operations will it displace horses in whole or in part?

How many horses will it displace on my farm?

It was found that the number of horses disposed of by the farmers in question after buying tractors was between two and three a farm. The average number of acres tillable by horses was increased 12, and the average size of the farms by a total of 22 acres. Several operators displaced horses entirely on plowing, disking and harrowing. Few operators allowed their horses to stand idle while the tractor was in use.

Work of Horses.

The horses remaining on these farms are doing 75 per cent of the tract work, and the tractor the remainder.

The tractors were used for an average of 29 ten-hour days a year on the home farms, no records being taken of custom work. A three-plow tractor on these farms does the work of 8½ horses in plowing, disking, and harrowing and harvesting.

The results of this study further substantiate the conclusion that the principal advantage of a tractor lies in the ability to do heavy work in a shorter time than is possible with horses.

Keep your mules fat, or if you have a tractor, save gasoline, as experiments have exploded the theory that deep cultivation prevents the drying out of the soil. M. C. Sewell, of the agronomy department of the Kansas State Agricultural college, draws the following conclusions from experiments:

Flowering deeper than seven inches has not generally resulted in an increase of crop yields.

Shallow plowing may produce large yields as deeper plowing.

Proper rotation of crops lessens the number of plowings necessary.

Cultivation may be necessary only to kill weeds and keep the soil in a receptive condition to absorb rainfall.

Thus, where the policy of plowing is that of thorough cultivation in order to maintain a soil mulch, it is possible to reduce the amount of cultivation to a considerable extent.

CONVENIENT DIP FOR SHEEP

Mixture of Unslaked Lime and Sulphur Made Into Paste Is Recommended—Boil in Water.

A good sheep dip is made as follows:

For 100 gallons of dip use four pounds of unslaked lime and 24 pounds of sulphur made into a thick paste. Add 30 gallons of water and boil for three hours. Add 16 gallons of water. The dip should be lukewarm when used.

Commercial dips on the market.

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

(Copyright.)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

A great cloud of smoke leaped high above the carcel walls, carrying with it a shower of sun-baked, blood-stained earth, mingled with fragments of flesh. Slowly the whitish-blue wreaths settled down or drifted away. Soldiers were strewn over the ground—some hideously mangled corpses, others writhing in agony.

Hardinge, miraculously uninjured, peered with amazed and horror-filled eyes for some sight of the Hindu.

Jalisingrao Jitendra had vanished.

Thunderstruck for an instant, the quick-witted knave at the next bolted for the jail gate. He had not reached the opening, however, when frightful yell of terror rose outside in the streets of Zapatillo.

"Los Americanos! El Tigre! El Tigre!"

Behind the rear of other rifles rang out a hearty cheer. Herbert Hardinge, scurrying across the road for protection with Moreno's bodyguard, sprang suddenly and lay still.

A hale giant, with yellow hair and implacable blue eyes, upon his ferocious face a satyr's smile of utter contempt for danger, was riding at the head of the cyclonic knot of men.

His smoking rifle told the story of the Englishman's passing.

Shrieking Mexicans scattered for safety in every direction before that whirlwind, tigerish assault—fleeing as their forefathers had fled three generations before when confronted by fighting men of Anglo-Saxon blood.

With a venomous look of semi-satisfaction, Buck Williams spurred his foaming horse over Hardinge's corpse, straight into the jail yard.

He sharply reined in the animal, as his inquisitorial eyes fell upon Jitendra's turban. He leaped to the ground and picked up the discarded head-dress.

"Too late!" he groaned. "I was sure that volley I heard was his finish. Great God! what hellish luck—five minutes more and I should have saved him!"

With a perplexed glance at the dead and dying soldiers clustered in or around the huge hole freshly gnashed in the earth, he remounted and rode dejectedly through the gate.

A man hurried up to him.

"Did you find him, Buck?"

"He's gone, Scotty. But he evidently had company, for hell must have broken loose in that jail yard—everybody's dead in there!"

"Gosh—that's tough! But why didn't you bring him along with you last night, Buck? The boys was on the way five minutes after we got the news down in Culiacan yesterday afternoon, and all Mexico couldn't have taken either you or him away from us."

"I don't know, Scotty. I was crazy, I suppose. All I thought of was myself—and getting back here to clean up that dog Hardinge. I remember Jitendra's saying something about beating it quick, and that his gods would keep an eye out for him. Scotty, I can't ever forgive myself—he was a good scoundrel."

"He sure musta been, Buck!" concluded the superintendent. "But I wouldn't."

"Look what he did for me," interrupted Williams. "He followed me almost five hundred miles after I threatened to shoot him if I saw him again; he gave Pacheco the 'Broadway Rouse' in some fashion I have never been able to figure out, the very minute that dirty greaser struck me across the face; and last night he grew this gun right up in the middle of that cell in there and then opened the door for me—all because I dragged him from under that wrecked car. And then I laid down on him like a yellow pup. I ain't a man, Scotty—I'm a pop-eyed, goose-brained blob! I might have figured they'd hand it to him pronto with me gone!"

"Aw! I don't take it so much to heart, Buck. A man can't think of everything when he's making a getaway. Besides, it ain't all your fault. If he could git you out, why couldn't he git out himself? What was there to hinder him from followin' you?"

"I don't know, Scotty. But I do know that he thought of me first—that's what galls me—and I never thought of him till I was half-way to Culiacan and run into you boys."

"Well, beefing won't help us any. If the little fellow's dead he ain't got nothing more to worry about. He's better off'n we are, I guess, for Moreno'll git his men together and start somethin' if we don't beat it for El Tigre before they rally."

CHAPTER VIII.

Swami Ram Bids Adieu!

"Listen!"

Buck Williams held up a warning hand.

The two score American riders trailing behind him halted in the cover of the thick trees just above El Tigre mine. Some were aching with wounds, others reeling in their saddles with pain.

"Look at the signal everything

CAREFULLY-MADE PLANS WILL PREVENT WASTE OF MANUAL LABOR IN HAYMAKING



This is the Best Way to Haul Hay if the Distance is Not Too Great.

was forgotten except the possibility of another brush with Moreno's men.

Indomitable, resolute expressions replaced the lines which pain had painted on their faces as weapons were loosened and muscles grew taut with the suspense of the moment.

"What the devil is it?" wonderingly demanded Billy Scott.

"Do you hear it, too?" There was a note of relief in Buck Williams' voice. "Scotty, I thought for a minute I had the rams again—and its seven years since I touched a drink. That's the same tune I heard the night I got back to El Tigre, when I dreamed Washington was leading his army of ghosts against Pacheco's peons. Then I woke up to find that lousy thief had me hamstrung for fair!"

"It's a flute or a fife of some sort," averred Friday Thornton, "playing Yankee Doodle" I guess."

"Git out, Friday," scoffed Tommy Wickwire. "That ain't 'Yankee Doodle' any more than it's 'Lead, Kindly Light.' If that ain't 'Everybody's Doing It,' I'm a greaser myself."

"It can't be any of Moreno's outfit," thoughtfully remarked Scott. "His shotgun artists never play nothin' but fandango and guitars."

"Here goes, boys!" shouted Williams, galloping his horse down the hill toward the building. The others followed unhesitatingly. The piping notes grew more clearly audible as they swept up the road to Buck's residence.

The owner of El Tigre was first out of the saddle. He strode into the building, with rifle ready, Scott, Thornton and Wickwire just behind. The quartette burst into the dining room.

Seated cross-legged on the floor was an emaciated, brown-hued little man, naked to the loins, save for an immaculate turban which encircled his head. From a small, reedlike pipe came the music which they had heard and upon which he was still performing vigorously, but with the greatest composure.

On each side of him, swaying in perfect rhythm to the music, were two repulsive king cobras. A hypnotic spell seemed to fill the room. Neither the piper nor the snakes appeared aware of the intrusion.

"Jitendra!" sharply ejaculated Williams.

The music abruptly ceased.

The ophidians, as if scenting possible danger, flattened to the floor and glided with amazing swiftness over to the Hindu. He thrust one nonchalantly into his turban and the other into the neck cloth he plucked from the floor and adjusted.

The four Americans gasped.

It was several seconds before Williams could find his voice. So many weird things had happened that he would not have been surprised to see the little brown man disappear through the floor or dissolve into nothing while they watched.

"I thought you were dead, Jitendra!" at last exclaimed the mine owner.

The diminutive brown man arose and salaamed profoundly.

"The sahib speaks true of Jalisingrao Jitendra, who today incarnated on the Seven Paths from the prison yard of the city—is it not so?"

Buck winced.

But his careful scrutiny of the half-starved figure before him removed the sudden doubts which had projected themselves into his mind.

"You're Jitendra, all right," he positively replied. "I know your feet—you loyal little cuss! You cut the soles of them almost to pieces following me from El Paso. Look at them—they're raw yet!"

Jalisingrao Jitendra has passed on," politely but firmly returned the Oriental, with the flicker of a smile across his mobile face. "But, verily, his soul reincarnates again in my body—but I, sahib, am called Swami Ram."

"I get you, Steve," laughed Buck uprورiously.

"And I think I savvy another little incident which occurred when the late Jalisingrao Jitendra—Gee! what a mouthful that name is—was in my company. If you had that interesting creature around your head when you leaned over toward Manuel Pacheco on the way to jail in Zapatillo, no wonder he kicked off so mysteriously. I'll match a cobra against him from followin' you!"

"Aw! I don't take it so much to heart, Buck. A man can't think of everything when he's making a getaway. Besides, it ain't all your fault. If he could git you out, why couldn't he git out himself? What was there to hinder him from followin' you?"

"I don't know, Scotty. But I do know that he thought of me first—that's what galls me—and I never thought of him till I was half-way to Culiacan and run into you boys."

"Well, beefing won't help us any. If the little fellow's dead he ain't got nothing more to worry about. He's better off'n we are, I guess, for Moreno'll git his men together and start somethin' if we don't beat it for El Tigre before they rally."

"Ugh!" shuddered Buck, "I should think there were—plenty of them. So that was how you nailed the sentry in the corridor. And it was his rifle which the late Jitendra gave me, I suppose?"

Swami Ram nodded.

"Vishnu and Siva, sahib, as you will

testify, are not without power to succor the deserving in their distress."

"They're a couple of perfectly good snakes," hastily acquiesced the American. "But why did Jitendra die instead of following me out of the prison? And what became of that other Mexican guard?"

"Jitendra had lost caste by being thrust into that foul dungeon by unclean hands, sahib. Also, he had smoked a cigarette, which is likewise forbidden. He was to wed the Princess Indira, but she must now seek another husband. It was needful for him to excommunicate for purification."

"But they took you out to shoot you, didn't they? I thought I heard the volley just as I rode up."

"A little patience, sahib. The guard in the hall vowed obedience to Vishnu and Siva in return for his life, thus becoming a novitiate on the Seven Paths. It was he who made ready for Jitendra to pass out by hiding the powder kegs in the old drain beneath the place where the killers of men were accustomed to stand."

"Also he strewed powder to the hole where Jitendra stood when he lighted the forbidden cigarette. Jitendra did not smoke cigarettes, but his act was necessary to carry out the will of the gods. For sahib, those deluded ones were also fated to seek wisdom elsewhere. Not until they shall raise the veil of Maya from their vision and, perceiving Truth, resolve to kill no more, may they hope to return to earth-life."

Buck Williams grinned at the naive recital. His three friends were too astounded to speak.

"Where are you going now?" queried the mine owner.

"A novitiate of the gods, who was once a jail guard, waits for me with horses in the hills. Sahib, may a poor Swami presume upon your generosity?"

"Anything—up to half of El Tigre."

"I have already appropriated linen from your bed for a new turban, that Swami Ram may re-enter the world properly attired. But Vishnu and Siva are cold and hungry. Warmth they may find from my own body, but food, alas! I have none. Will the gracious sahib grant me the boon of another can of milk ere we journey on to meet the Princess Indira, who awaits a new husband in New England?"

(THE END.)

COAL DUST AND PETROLEUM

Combination Said to Be Successfully Mixed to Form an Economical and Satisfactory Fuel.

Many attempts have been made to mix coal dust and petroleum for a composition fuel. Hitherto, they have been unsuccessful, for the simple reason that the coal dust would quickly separate from the oil, falling to the bottom.

This difficulty, it is claimed, has been overcome by the use of a certain ingredient that holds the particles of coal dust in suspension in the oil.

While intended mainly for use in industrial plants, it is declared to give promise of being available for specially modified furnaces and stoves in dwellings.

A lump of coal has a certain area of surface. If you break it into a number of pieces, the total surface area is multiplied. If you grind it to powder, the total surface area becomes relatively enormous.

Obviously, the more you spread out the surface of the coal, the more readily the oxygen in the air can get at it, and the more rapid and complete the combustion of the fuel will be. This means augmented efficiency, if the thing can be properly managed mechanically.

Just there has lain the trouble hitherto. It is asserted that the oil and coal dust mixture solves the problem.

"Hell's Half Acre."

This is a transitory term for a "tough" place, which has been applied to mining camps and similar locations apparently ruled by his satanic majesty, probably in contrast with "God's Acre," applied to cemeteries. A section of North Detroit was until recently given this nickname on account of its alleged excess of disease and infamy. One of the geyser basins in the Yellowstone park used to be known by this same title, expressive of its weird, unearthly effect on the side-delivery rake is best.

Do not turn hay by hand. It is too costly. The cheapest and most efficient way of stirring hay in the windrow is with a two-horse tedder. One man will do more work than 12 men stirring with hand forks. It is not even necessary to have a man to run the tedder. A boy big enough to drive a team will do just as much work.

A one-horse rake operated by a man makes raking very costly. A two-horse sulky rake is best, but the side-delivery rake is best. When curling is done in the swath and a hay loader is used, the crew can start taking the hay from the windrow as soon as the side delivery has made one double windrow across the field. If the sulky rake is used, the crew will have to wait until the rake has gone several times across the field. In this matter the extent of the haying operations has to be considered, of course.

On very small farms the use of the side-delivery rake might not be economy.

If the weather is clear and the hay is in proper condition, there will be no necessity for hay-caps or for further labor till the hay is thoroughly cured and ready to be hauled. But hay-caps will pay for themselves in one year when the weather is bad. They are more especially needed with clover, alfalfa and pea vines, all of which grow slowly.

If hay is to be bunched, the hand method is too expensive. A two-horse sulky rake can bunch 30 acres or more a day and a boy can drive it just as well as a man. Even more labor can be saved, however, by using the push rake to bunch hay after it has been raked into the windrow. It is a good plan to have two men working together to round up the bunches, since more can be accomplished than when each works alone.

It is a waste of time to pitch hay onto a small hayrack on a high-wheeled wagon. Use a large hayrack on a low-wheeled wagon.

Loading hay with pitchforks is the hardest, slowest and most expensive way. The men are working constantly, but the horses are doing nothing most of the time. If a loader is used,

the work is done

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Plan your work and work your plan.

* * *

The application of acid phosphate has paid well on many alfalfa fields.

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Humus, when decaying, makes available plant food from the store of available plant food in the soil.

* * *

Humus acts as a sponge and increases the water-holding capacity of the soil.

* * *

For extra good melons, plant on hills of rotted manure and thin the vines to not over three plants to the hill.

* * *

Yellowstone Park Opened.

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—"America's playground," formally opened its 1920 season on June 20, with more than 900 tourists from all states in the union entering the gates as they were thrown open to the public.

* * *

Rail Strike Gaining Headway.

Baltimore.—The renewal of the "outlaw" railroad strike gathered strength Saturday when, without giving warning of their intention, men began quitting work. Practical paralytic ensued here.

NEW MARINE LAW TO BE PROTESTED

ENGLISH PREMIER SOMEWHAT PEVED OVER ACTION OF AMERICAN LAWMAKERS.

Washington Senator Predicts Pro-longed Contest For Commerce of World and Defends New Merchant Marine Act.

Washington—"Fair means and foul" will be used by other nations in the competition for world trade, Senator Jones of Washington, chairman of the senate committee